A New BALLAD,

To the Tune of, *I'll tell thee*, Dick, *&c.*

CHil tell thee, *Tom*, the ſtrangeſt ſtory,
Becauſe thou art an honeſt *Tory*;
'Tis News beyond expreſſions:
Zich zights are no where to be zeen
In any Lond, (*God zave the Queen*)
But at our Quarter-Zeſſions.

Vor Rogues I zaw in zich a place,
As wou'd the Gibbet quite diſgrace,
'Tis pity it ſhou'd want 'em:
But how the Devil they came there,
Liſt, *Tom*, and chil in brief declare,
And how they did recant 'em.

When I was late at *London*-Town,
To zee zome zights e'r I went down,
To *White-hall* I did venture;
And having on my beſt Array,
As vine as on a Holy-day,
Zoors I made bold to enter.

Up ſtairs I went, which were as brooad,
And Dirty too as any Rooad,
Or as the ſtreets o'th' Zity.
Hadſt thou been there, thou wouldſt have zaid
There had been no Servant Maid,
Gods zooks, and that's a pity.

When I was up, I did diſcern
A Chamber bigger than a Barn,
Where I did zee Voke ſtand,
That I was well near vrighted quite,
It was ſo ſtrange and grim a zight,
With long things in their hand.

Their Cloathing cannot well be told,
On which were things of beaten Gold
Upon their Back and Breaſt;
I doft my Hat when I came in,
Quoth I, *Pray which of you's the King?*
Which made a woundy Jeſt.

At laſt came by a Gentlemon,
Who made me zoon to underſtand
I need not be avear'd;
Quoth he, Come on, and vollow me,
Chil ſhew thee ſtrait His Majeſty,
Vor theas are but his Guard.

But, *Tom*, not any Wake or Vair
Can ſhew zich numbers as are there,
Still cringeing low, and bowing,
That I may zwear, and tell no lie,
They wearier are, than Thou or I
With Thraſhing or with Plowing.

No Ants do vaſter lead or drive,
Or Bees buz to or fro' the Hive,
I marl they were not dizzy;
And zure the Nations great Avairs
Lay heavily upon their Cares,
They look'd zo wiſe and buſie.

At laſt came in His Majeſty,
No taller tho' than Thou or I;
Yet, whatzoe'r I ail'd,
With only gazing on His Vace,
I trembl'd like a Love-zick-Laſs
Juſt on the point to yield.

He look'd, methought, above the reſt,
Tho' not by half zo vinely dreſt,
Which made me vall a zwearing,
A Pox upon the Parliament,
That will not let us pay him Rent,
Gold's only for his wearing.

A Ribbon vine came croſs avore,
Zich as our Landlords Bridemen wore,
At end of which was hung
A curious thing, that ſhone as bright
As *Maudlin's* eyes, or morning light,
When guilded by the Zun,

But now the News, chil tell thee Truth,
Hard by his zide there ſtood a Youth,
That look'd as trim and gay,
As if he had not guilty bin
Of wiſhing e'r to be a King,
Unleſs a King of *May*.

It was the zame our Vicar zed
Vor Treaſon ſhou'd have loſt his Head,
Vor which vive hundred Pouud
By Proclamation offer'd was
To any that ſhould take his Grace
In any Kerſon ground.

Won *Zunday* morn, thou maiſt remember,
I think the twontieth of *Zeptember*,
Our Parſon read a thing,
How this zame Spark, (a vengeance on him!)
With vorty moor, did take upon him
To kill our Gracious King.

But ſcant the vrighted harmleſs Zwain,
That meets a Wolf upon the Plain,
Was zo agaſt with vear:
Wounds! if His Majeſty (quoth I)
Does keep no better Company,
Chil ſtay no longer here.

With that, the Mon that brought me in
By th' Jacket pull'd me back again;
Quoth he, Pray hear ye reaſon;
He was a *What-d'ye-call*, 'tis true,
But's Pardon makes him vree as you
Vrom Knavery or Treaſon.

Whaw whaw! quoth I, a pretty Nick,
To make Rogues honeſt by a trick
Zo often try'd in vain;
As if my Bull ſhou'd gore me once,
I'd truſt the zenſeleſs Beaſt with Horns
To gore me o'r agen.

Chil e'en to *Devonſhire* agen,
Where honeſt men are honeſt men,
And Rogues are hang'd vor Rogues.
Ods wounds! were I His Majeſty,
E'r zich a Zon ſhou'd count nanc'd be,
Chi'd prize him as my Dogs.